

WORD OF THE LORD

Dr. Talmage on the Potency
of the Name of Christ

ITS CHARM IS UNIVERSAL

The Name Itself Has a Certain Beauty of
Sound, but No Familiar Name Can
Be Disassociated.

Brooklyn, May 1.—While Dr. Talmage is able to hold vast audiences spell-bound by his eloquence, whatever subject he has in hand, he is never so eloquent, or so evidently a great orator, as when he preaches Christ as the one hope for the redemption of the world. The fact was proved this morning when he discoursed from the text, Philippians ii, 9, "The name which is above every name."

Paul is here making rapturous and enthusiastic description of the name of Christ. There are merely worldly names that sometimes thrill you through and through. Such was the name of Henry Clay to a Kentuckian, the name of William Wirt to a Virginian, the name of Daniel Webster to a New Englander.

By common proverb we have come to believe that "there is nothing in a name," and so parents sometimes at the baptismal altar give titles to their children, reckless of the fact that that title, that name, will be a lifetime hindrance or a lifetime help. You have no right to give your child a name lacking either in euphony or moral meaning.

It is a sin to call a child Jehoshaphat or Tiphthaleph, or by anything that is disagreeable. Because you have had an unexpecting name yourself is no reason why you should inflict it upon your progeny, and yet how often it is that we see a name full of jargon rattling down from generation to generation simply because a long while ago some one happened to be afflicted with it. Institutions and great enterprises sometimes without sufficient deliberation take nomenclature. Mighty destinies have been decided by a name. While we may by a long course of Christian behavior get over the misfortune of having been baptized with the name of a deist or a cheat, how much better it would have been if we could have all started life without any such inauspicious name.

SWEEP TO THE MEMORY.

When Paul, in his text and in other passages of Scripture, burst forth in aspirations of admiration for the name of Christ, I want to inquire what are the characteristics of that appellation. "The name which is above every name." In the first place, speaking to you in regard to the name of Christ, I want to tell you it is an easy name. You are sometimes introduced to people with long and unpronounceable names, and you have to listen cautiously to get the names, and you have to hear them pronounced two or three times before you risk trying to utter them; but within the first two years the little child folds its hands and looks upward and says "Jesus."

Can it be that in all this church this morning there are representatives of any household where the children are familiar with the names of the father and mother and brother and sister, yet know nothing about "that name which is above every name?" Sometimes you forget the name of a quite familiar friend, and you have to think and think before you get it; but can you imagine any freak of intellect by which you should forget the name of Jesus? That word seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. Down to old age, when the voice is tremulous and uncertain and indistinct, even then this regal word finds potent utterance.

When an aged father was dying, one of the children came and said, "Father, do you know me?" and in the delirium of the last sickness he said, "No, I don't know you." Another child came and said, "Father, do you know me?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." Then the village pastor came in and said, "Do you know me?" He said, "No, I don't think I ever saw you." Then said the minister, "Do you know Jesus?" "Oh, yes," said the dying man, "I know Jesus; chief among ten thousand is he, and the one altogether lovely." Yes, for all ages and for all languages, and for all conditions is an easy name.

Jesus, I love thy charming name.
The music to my ear;
Fads would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear.
LOVELY NAMES IN SCRIPTURE.

But I remark further in regard to this name of Christ, that it is a beautiful name. Now you have noticed that you cannot dissociate a name from the character of the person who has it. There are some names, for instance, that are repulsive to your ear. Those names are attractive to your ear. What is the difference? Why, I happened to know some persons of that name who were cross or sour or queer or unsympathetic, and the persons who have happened to know of that name were kind and genial. Since, then, we cannot dissociate a name from the character of the person who has the name, that consideration makes the name of Jesus unapproachably beautiful.

I cannot pronounce that name in your presence, but you think of Bethlehem, Gethsemane and Golgotha, and you see his loving face, and you hear his tender voice, and you feel his gentle touch. As soon as I pronounce his name in your presence you think of him who banqueted with heavenly messengers, yet came down and breakfasted on the fish which the rough men baked out of Gennesaret; you think of him who, though the clouds are the dust of his feet, walked footsore in the road to Emmaus.

I cannot speak his name in your hearing this morning, but you think right away of the shining one who restored the centurion's daughter, and who healed the blind man to enlighten, and who made the cripple's crutch useless, and who knelt down into the laughing glee of the babe which struggled to go to him then flinging his arms around it and tenderly a kiss upon its beautiful brow, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Oh, beautiful name, the name of Jesus, which sanctifies the love, the patience, the self-sacrifice, the magnanimity, for everything that is good and glorious and tender and sympathetic and kind. It is associated with all of them. Right obedient with all of them. Obedient when I kneel with the name of Jesus Christ, in weakness of the body, with the glowing, fervent, passionate, passionate, passionate

name to be twisted out of the straw as which he lay, and then it seems to be built on of the thrones on which his people are to reign. Sometimes I sound that word Jesus, and I hear in it the sob of Gethsemane and the groan of Calvary, and then I speak his name and it is all a ripple with gladness and a ring with holiness. Glorious name!

Take all the glories of bookbinding and put them around the page on which that name is printed. On Christmas morning breathe it on the wall. Let it drip from harp's string and let it thunder out in organ's diapason. Sound it often, sound it well, until every ear shall seem to shine it, and every flower shall seem to breathe it, and mountain and sea and day and night and earth and heaven acclaim in full chant, "Blessed be his glorious name forever." "The name which is above every name."

IT THRILLS IN SONG.

Have you ever heard in a Methodist church, during a time of revival, a score of souls come to the altar and cry out for mercy under the power of just two lines of glorious old John Wesley?

Jesus, the name high over all,
Is heaven or earth or sky.

To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday school girl, to the snow white octogenarian, it is beautiful. The aged man comes in from a long walk, and he tremulously opens the door of his house, and he hangs his hat on the old nail, and he puts his cane in the usual place, and he lies on his couch, and he says to his children and his grandchildren, "My dear, I am going away from you." And they say, "Why, where are you going, grandfather?" "Oh," he says, "I am going to Jesus!" and so the old man faints away into heaven.

And the little child comes in from play and she flings herself into your lap, and she says, "Mamma, I'm sick; I'm so very sick," and you put her to bed and the fever is worse and worse, and some midnight while you are shaking up the pillow and giving the medicine she looks up in your face and says, "Mamma, I'm going away from you." You say, "Why, where are you going, my darling?" And she says, "I am going to Jesus." And the red cheek that you take to be the mark of the fever turns out to be only the carnation bloom of heaven.

Oh, was it not beautiful when a little child heard that her playmate was dying, and she went to the house, and she clambered upon the bed of her dying playmate, and she said to the dying playmate, "Where are you going to?" and the dying girl said, "I'm going to Jesus." Then said the little girl that was well, as she bent over to give the parting kiss to her dying playmate, "Well, then, if you are going to Jesus, give my love to him." It is a beautiful name, whether on the lips of childhood or on the lips of the old man. When my father was dying the village minister said to him, quoting over his pillow this passage, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and there he stopped. Then my father finished the quotation by saying, "Of whom I am chief."

But I remark again, in regard to this name of Christ, that it is a mighty name. Rothschild is a name mighty in the commercial world, Siffman is a name mighty in the scientific world, Irving is a name mighty in the literary world, Washington is a name mighty in the political world, Wellington is a name mighty in the military world; but where in all the earth is a name so potent to lift and thrill and arouse and rally and bless as the name Jesus? Why, the sound of that one name unheeded Saul and threw Newton on his face on ship's deck; and that one name today, while I speak, holds a hundred million souls under omnipotent spell. That name in England today means more than Victoria. In Germany that name today means more than Emperor William. Oh, mighty name!

IT ACTS LIKE A TALESMAN.

I have seen a man bound hand and foot of the devil and captive of all evil habits, at the sound of that name dash down his shackles and march out forever free. I have seen a man overcome of misfortune and trial, every kind of trouble had on; but at the sound of that name the sea dropped, and the clouds parted, and the sunburst of eternal gladness poured upon his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelity, defiant of God, full of jeer and scoff, joinee of the judgment day, reckless of eternity, at the sound of that name blush and cower and groan and kneel and weep and repent and pray and believe and rejoice and triumph.

Oh, it is a mighty name. Under its power the last temple of superstition will come down and the last juggernaut of infidelity will be shattered to pieces. The red horse of carnage, spoken of in apocalyptic vision, and the black horse of death must come back on their haunches, while the white horse of victory goes forth, mounted of him who hath the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tarsi. Mighty name! It will first make the whole earth tremble, and then it will make all the nations sing. Mighty name!

Other dominions seem to be giving way; France had to give up some of her favorite provinces; Spain has lost a great deal of her power; many of the thrones of the world are being lowered; many of the scepters of the world are being shortened, but every tract distributor, every Bible printer, every Christian institution established spreads abroad the mighty name of Christ. It has already been heard under the Chinese wall, and in the Siberian snow castle, and in the Brazilian grove, and in the eastern pagoda. That name will swallow up all other names. That crown will yet cover up all other crowns. That empire will yet compass all dominations.

All crimes shall cease and ancient feuds shall fade.

Restoring justice left shall her scale;
Peace for the world her olive wand extend;
And white-robed innocents from heaven descend.

WHO CAN FORGET THE DIVINE PHYSICIAN?

But I remark again, taking a step forward in this subject, that the name of Christ is an enduring name. You get over the fence of the graveyard and you pull the weeds back from the name that has nearly faded from the tombstone, and you wish that Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" would come along and reclaim it, so that you might really find out what the name is. Why, that was the name of the greatest man in all the town, in all the country, in all the state, now almost faded from the tombstone.

And so the greatest names of this world either have perished, or are fading.

ing. Gregory vii, bishop of Spain, Conrad i of Germany, Richard i of England, Catherine of Russia. These names were once mighty, and they made the earth tremble. Who comes for them now? None so poor as to do them reverence. But the name of Christ is enduring forever. It will be preserved in the world's literature. There will be other Bellinis to sketch the Madonna, and other Ghirlandajos to present the baptism of Christ, and other Brunettis to show Christ visiting the spirits in prison, and other Giotto to appeal the vision with the Crucifixion. It will be preserved in the world's literature.

There will be other Alexander Pops to write the "Messiah," and other Dr. Youngs to celebrate his triumph, and other Cowpers to sing his love. It will be preserved in the world's grand and elaborate architecture, and Protestantism shall yet have its St. Mark's and St. Peter's. It shall be preserved in the world's literature, for there will be other Palays to write the "Evidences of Christianity." More than all, it will be enshrined in the hearts of all the good of earth and all the great ones of heaven. Shall the emancipated bondman ever forget who set him free? Shall the blind man ever forget the divine physician who gave him sight? Shall the lost and wandering ever forget who brought them home?

Why, to make the world forget that name would be to burn up all the Bibles and burn down all the churches, and then, in the spirit of universal arson, go through the gate of heaven and put the torch to all the temples and mansions and palaces until in the awful conflagration all heaven went down, and the people come out to look upon the charred ruins; but even then they would bear the name of Christ in the thunder of falling towers, and in the crash of temple walls, and see it interwoven into the flying banners of flame, and the redeemed of heaven would say, "Let the temples and the palaces burn; let them burn; we have Jesus left." Blessed be his glorious name forever. "The name which is above every name."

My friends, have you made up your mind by what name you will accolade Christ when you see him in heaven? Now that is a practical question. For you will see him, child of God, just as certainly as you sit there and I stand here. By what name have you made up your mind to call Christ when you first meet him in heaven. Will you call him "Anointed One," or "Messiah," or will you take some one of the symbolic terms which you read in your Bible on earth—terms by which Christ was designated?

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Some day perhaps you will be wandering among the gardens of God on high, the place abloom with eternal springtime, infinite luxury of lily and rose and amaranth, and perhaps you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, thou art the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." Sometime there will be a new soul come into heaven to take its place in the firmament and shine as the stars forever and ever, and the luster of a useful life will shine forth tremulous and beautiful, and you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, thou art a brighter star, the Morning Star, the Star of Jacob, the Star of the Redeemer."

Some day you will be walking among the fountains that tom in the sunlight, falling in crash of pearl and amethyst into golden and crystalline urn, and wandering up the round banked river to the place where the water first tinkles its silver on the rock, and from chalice of love you will be drinking to honor and everlasting joy, and you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, thou art the Fountain of Living Water." Some day you will be wandering among the lambs and sheep of heaven feeding by the rock, rejoicing in the care of him who brought you out of the wilderness world into the sheepfold, and you will look up into his face and say, "My Lord, thou art the Shepherd of the Everlasting Hills."

But there is another name by which you can call him. Perhaps that will be the name I have not mentioned yet. I imagine that heaven is all full. Every throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. All the wealth of the universe has come into heaven. There is nothing to be added. The song full. The ranks full. The mansions all full. Heaven full. The sun will set with its splendor the domes of the temple and burnish the golden streets into a blaze and be reflected back from the solid pearl of the twelve gates, and it will be noon in heaven. Noon on the river. Noon on the hills. Noon in the valleys. High noon. And then you will look up, gradually ascending your vision to the sight, shading your eyes at the first lest they be extinguished with the insufferable splendor, until after awhile you can look upon the full irradiation, and you will cry out, "My Lord, my Lord, thou art the Sun that Never Sets."

IS IT PRECIOUS TO YOU?

But at this point I am staggered with the thought that there may be persons in this house for whom this name has no charm, though it is so easy, though it is so beautiful, though it is so potent, though it is so enduring. Oh, come today and see whether there is anything in Christ! I challenge you to test with me this morning whether God is good, and whether Christ is precious, and whether the Holy Ghost is omnipotent. Come, my brother, I challenge you. Come, and we will kneel at the altar of mercy. You kneel on one side of the altar and I will kneel on the other side of the altar of mercy, and we will not get up from our knees until our sins are pardoned and we are able to ascribe all honor to the name—yes, pronouncing it and I pronouncing it—"the name which is above every name."

His worth if all the nations knew,
Save the whole earth would love him too.
I pray God he may move upon this assembly now, that we may see him walking through all these aisles, that the Holy Spirit may spread his wings over this assembly. Now is your time for heaven. Oh, my friends! meeting once, perhaps never again until the books are opened, what shall we say of this morning's service? Have I told you the whole truth? Have you listened to the whole truth? Now is your time for heaven. Come into the kingdom. If you never had an invitation before I give it to you now.

I do not ask what your life has been or what your wandering. That is not pertinent to the question. The only thing is whether you want Christ. Come in, the farthest off. Come, the nearest. "Where do you stand from now on?"

much more abundant." Is there in all this august assembly a man who feels he is too wicked to come? You are mistaken. Come now. Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

Oh, ye who are young! Come now. It is no gloomy religion that I preach. It will take no hush from your eye. It will take no color from your cheek. It will take no spring from your step. I know what I am talking about. I have felt the consolation of this grace in my own heart. It is not a theory with me. I know in whom I believe, and he has been so good a friend to me I have a right this morning to commend his friendship to all the people.

Oh, come into the kingdom! Do not say you are too bad. "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts." Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth. How is he going to drive you into the kingdom? He will not do it. If you get in at all it will be because you are drawn in by his love. What does he say? "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth." He was lifted up. What for? To draw! Not lifted up to draw. Oh, come now, come now into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus!

You have heard of that warrior of ancient times who went into battle against Christ. He hated Christ, and he went into battle fighting Christ; but in the battle he got wounded, he was struck by the arrow and he fell, and as he lay with his face up to the sun, and the life blood was coming away, he put his hand to his heart and took a handful of blood from the wound, and held it up toward the sun, and cried out, "O Jesus! thou hast conquered."

And if today, my hearer, struck through by the arrow of God's gracious Spirit, you realize the truth of what I have been saying, you would surrender yourself to the Lord who bought you; you would say, "I will no longer battle against Christ's mercy. Lord Jesus, thou hast conquered." Glorious name! I know not what you will do with it; but I will tell you one thing before I stop—I must tell it. I will tell you one thing here and now; that I take him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my comfort, my salvation, my heaven. Blessed be his glorious name forever. "The name which is above every name."

Floped Up \$5,000 in Gold.

During the troublous times attending upon the occupancy of the contending armies during the war, Mrs. Mary Wilson buried a jar containing \$5,000 in gold, and as her death was very sudden her heirs found no clue which would lead to the discovery of the money, and it was thought that it had been found and carried off. Not long since Millage Whitlock, who was plowing on the Wilson farm, which is eighteen miles west of Omaha, Ark., found the jar and contents. He endeavored to keep the matter a secret, but it leaked out, and the grandchildren of Mrs. Wilson have brought suit against Whitlock to recover the money.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

The Summer Concert.

"Those of us who live in the suburbs," said Mr. Skaybolt, "are waiting now for summer so that we may again hear the concert of the amateur, which we miss during the winter period of indoor life. It won't be long now before we shall again sit out on the veranda and hear the notes of 'Off in the Sully Night,' 'Ball on Silver Moon,' 'T'd Offer Thee This Hand of Mine,' and 'When the Swallows Homeward Fly,' wafted through the quiet air."—New York Sun.

Of Interest to Railway Restaurant Men.

A petrified ham of a large hog was recently found in a field on the poor farm in this county, and is now in possession of George W. Roseberry. The specimen is almost perfect, even showing the saw marks. The line of division between the flesh and skin is also very plain. The flesh side is beautifully ornamented with shellfish and other water animals. It is a fine piece of nature's handiwork.—Salem Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

A Locomotive Steamboat.

Swedish papers describe a novel kind of construction, termed a locomotive steamboat, built at Kristianstad, for the navigation of a chain of small lakes, separated by falls, the boat being fitted for this purpose with wheels fitting a track, and power may be applied to either the propeller or the driving wheels of the locomotive part of the machine; the track is 2 feet 6 inches gauge, with grades of one in thirty-three, and having curves of a radius of 100 metres.

A Careful Neighbor.

An old countryman was in extremity; his last struggle seemed long beyond measure, so though the poor man could not make up his mind about starting on the distant journey. One night his nephew left a lighted candle on the little table, and said as he went off to bed: "Uncle, when you feel that it is all over with you, you can blow out the candle."—Boston Free Press.

The Best Thing to Do.

The father had gone away and left his only son in charge of the store. "Are you the son of the firm?" asked a man with a sample case, entering the establishment.

"No, sir," remarked the young man with great urbanity, "I'm only the son of the head."—Boston Free Press.

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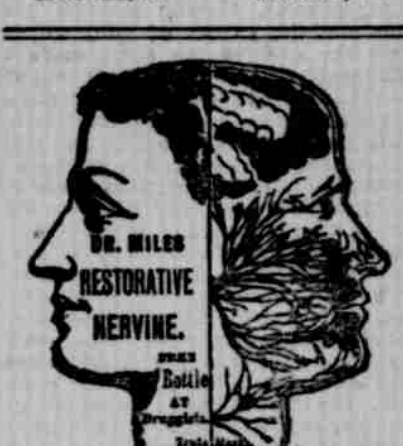
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